Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt ſummers day,
Led by their Maſter to the flowred fields,
And be aduengde on curſed *Tamora*:
And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Lucius. I humblie thanke him and I thanke you all,
But who comes here led by a luſtie *Gothe*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his Armes.

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,
And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the waſted building ſuddainely,
I heard a child crie vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noiſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this diſcourſe:
Peace tawnie ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dame,
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightſt haue bin an Emperour,
But where the bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a coleblacke Calfe:
Peace Villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſtie *Goth*,
VVho when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
VVill hold thee dearely for thy mothers ſake.
VVith this my weapon drawen I ruſht vpon him
Surpriſde him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe as you thinke needefull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthie *Goth* this is the incarnate diuell,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleaſd your Empreſſe eye,
And her's the baſe fruit of her burning luſt,
Say wall-eyd ſlaue whither wouldſt thou conuay,

This

This growing image of thy fiendlike face,
VVhy dooſt not ſpeake? what deaſe, not a
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruite of Baſtardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of R oia

Luc. Too like the ſier for euer being goo
Firſt hang the child that he may ſee it ſprall
A ſight to vex the fathers ſoule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* ſaue the c
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou do this, ile ſhew thee wondrous thi
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more, but vengeance rotte y

Lucius. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which t
Thy child ſhall liue, and I will ſee it nouriſh

Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure th
Twill vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſp
For I muſt talke of murthers, rapes, and maſ
Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,
Complots of miſchiefe, treaſon, villanie s,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitteouſly performde,
And this ſhall all be buried in my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my child ſhall li

Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I ſay thy child

Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I wi

Luci. VVho ſhould I ſweare by, thou bele
That graunted, how canſt thou beleeue an o

Aron. VVhat if I doe not, as indeed I do n
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcie
VVith twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonie
VVhich I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſer
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An ideot holds his bauble for a God,